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NEW ALTARS.

BY ETHEL TALBOT SCHEFFAUER.

She with her iron hands
To whom the peoples bowed,
Throned above all the lands,
Once called aloud:

Bring unto me the young men,
With flowers and with mirth,
Bold songs shall be sung then
In all the earth.

Honor and fame will I buy them,
They that are young and brave,
After, I will deny them
Even a grave.

They shall be flung like rain
Over the wailing ground—
None of these many slain
Shall more be found.

And men came to her altars,
Young men and old,
And women with fiery psalters
And flowers and gold.

Fools, caught by her wonder,
Throning over the lands,
Saw not her claws of plunder,
Nor her iron hands.

The blood-wave heavy and tidal,
Swept over many a race.
Would it had taken the Idol
And rolled her from her place!

That the repentant nations,
Slowly, each one alone,
Might seek in forgotten patience,
Stone by stone.

Slabs for the new altar
Where the new god shall reign,
Before whom the old gods falter,
Hallowing his fane.

Whose words are pity and sorrow,
Whose words can build
The temple of to-morrow
For freedom's guild.

With no mistrust of a neighbor,
Nor hate, nor envy, nor fear—
A white altar of labor,
A gold altar of cheer—

An altar of freedom and peace,
Glowing out of the sand,
And bidding the tumults cease
In every land.

This is the new fane,
With tears of longing wet—
But the peoples hope in vain,
For none is building yet.